

Taari, the Imperial Thalmor

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Summary: Welcome to my first published story to . We join our main character Alisa, who was recently picked by the Thalmor and branded a heretic for Talos worship. The charges are false but First Emissary Elenwen doesn't care, she needs a test subject for a new brand of work she has planned for Skyrim. Let's dive right in, shall we?

Taari, the Imperial Thalmor

"Who are you?"

It was a different voice but the same question as last time, and she was getting used to it. The question was one that haunted her day and night, sleeping and waking, because it was the only one she remembered. The days had bled into the next day, and the next day, and the next day...

A vicious slap brought her out of her thoughts and centered her once again in the here and now. This wasn't a dream, nor was it another of the vivid fantasies which danced through her mind from time to time. The ones where she was being chased by people she couldn't see, always asking her the question over and over again.

"Who are you?"

The voice was angry now, she could tell that from the tone and how easily it cut through the mental cobwebs. She knew the answer but her mind was separated from her mouth and it took some time connecting the two again. If she didn't answer soon they would stick her with the needle once more with the yellow filled ampoule. She needed to speak, mumble, or scream something to the voice or she would get stuck again.

"Alisa T'mar."

She heard someone else say in a slight mumble which brought another

sting to her cheek from a detached hand. She couldn't see what the hand was attached to so she just as well thought it was detached and floating in the air somewhere nearby, waiting like a stalking predator for the signal to strike from the master. She felt the warmth creep down her chin from a new split lip, which was joining yesterdays split lip, and the day before...

"Incorrect! Try again, worm!"

Another name pressed itself to the front of the fog, it was her name. Or was it the name of someone else? She couldn't remember, but she knew if she said the name and gave the person reality that the pain would stop. If she told them that was who she was then they would be pleased and the pain would stop. This game had been played many times before and would continue, she knew, until she got the answer right. And in her mind the answer was a small price to pay for the pain she was getting every day. But in truth, what did she know?

'You are who they tell you that you are. Remember that and you will live another day.'

That was her inner voice, a woman who sounded and looked much like her but in the dark and gold colors of the Thalmor. She was starting to think the spells, drugs, beatings and the every-day pain... this wasn't worth it. She could be this new person and do what they wished if only to come out of this alive. Besides, Alisa T'mar had been stupid and slow, caught during a random sweep while crossing into Skyrim from Cyrodil. She was an idiotic Imperial who had grown weak, sheltered, stupid and these people were trying to help her...

'Are they? I don't know anymore and I don't know what to do.'

Inner her smiled and nodded once, looking quite pleased.

'Tell them who you are, and let them help you. It's going to be alright.'

With a nod that brought a screaming pain to her lacerated neck she opened cracked lips and let the word fall out of them.

"Taari."

Cringing she waited for the blow to fall which she knew was only seconds away. She prayed to whichever god was laughing at her at that moment to let that answer suffice. The voice returned but instead of scorn or anger it almost sounded... pleased.

"Good, very good. And now, your training can begin."

Inner voice laughed with delight and Taari felt her own lips curling up slightly, pleased that voice was pleased. Then darkness took her once more.

End
file.